

"IMITATIO CHRISTI."

A solitary monk within his cell,
Whose walls did make an island of his life,
Surrounded by the waves of war and strife,
His hours obedient to the convent bell
Until the grave had closed upon his corpse.
A life secluded from the haunts of men;
A soul that found an utterance, by the pen.
For hope and sorrow, joy and sad remorse;
A soul that longed for purity, that taught
Man's duty was to beat down pride and sin,
To conquer passion, to keep all white within,
And shun a world with dark and evil fraught.
Agon have past, yet still, amid the strife,
Is heard the music of that far off time.
—William E. A. Axon.

Divorced People in Paris.

Divorce is now so frequent that I make it a rule never to ask a husband how his absent wife is or a wife unaccompanied by her husband about him. But the great frequency is owing to a long accumulation of legal separations. The mayors and sub-mayors of arrondissements are kept often for many hours at a time as busy as they can be unmarried couples who come to have separations turned into divorces.

The life of a French lady separated de biens et de corps is a miserable one, inasmuch as the separation of property can never in such a case be absolute, and she is constantly obliged to ask the husband, through an agent, to sign papers. His power to get her locked up in prison does not cease because of separation, if he can show that "his name is being dishonored." However, no man of honor troubles himself on this point, but in the lower trading classes the lives of women who have married ruffian husbands and get separated from them are often rendered miserable by the base sort of detectives employed to dog them for blackmailing purposes.

A few days ago I went to see some friends disjoined at a mayoralty. They cordially detested each other when they were legally separated. In most of the cases ladies had the honors of war. One of them, after the civil officer had pronounced her disarmed, went up to the ex-husband and said: "Now that everything is straight I hope you will put away hatred, as I am sure I have done. I am always at home on Wednesdays to all friends who call, and would be enchanted to receive a visit from you on a perfectly friendly footing."—London News.

Left in the Ticket Box.

I see that one of our New York reporters has been collecting statistics as to the variety of tickets and other articles which find their way into the gate boxes of the bridge. He finds that a scrap book is kept, into which go all the curiosities discovered, among others some of his own inventions for cheating the box. He made a variety of experiments to see how easy it was to pass all kinds of trash into the boxes, and found that, if deftly done, car tickets, elevated road tickets, theatre checks, restaurant checks and even pen and ink sketches drawn to look a little like the bridge ticket were good at any time. The bridge people say, however, that they make more money by the carelessness of people who put more in the boxes than the law requires than by the rascality of people who throw in whatever trash they can fish out of their pockets at a second's notice.

In the long list of articles preserved in scrap book at the bridge headquarters as found in the ticket boxes, our New York reporter has failed to mention the most curious of all, which is or was in that scrap book several months ago—namely, a ticket entitling the bearer to be present at the incineration of the first body burned at the crematorium in East New York. The way was got a ride over the bridge on the strength of that ticket must have chucked to himself for hours over the astonishment of the bridge clerks who came across it.—New York Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

The King of Cholera.

Italian papers relate wonderful stories of Luigi Graziotin, "il re del cholera" (the king of cholera), who has just arrived in Rome, after a weary pilgrimage on foot, and submitted to the king and the Venetian deputies—his countrymen—his infallible remedy against cholera. Graziotin has earned his curious title by his unselfish devotion to cholera patients, having accompanied the plague during its progress from Egypt to Spain and Italy, and fought it everywhere successfully—so the story goes—with his "elixir," a compound as mysterious and infallible as Succi's. Graziotin is said to have slept in the same bed with cholera patients, and to possess numberless medical and municipal testimonials corroborating his wonderful cures. The papers say that "il re d'Italia" has received "il re del cholera" in a very gracious manner, and promised to interest the scientific world in his discovery.—Boston Transcript.

Two Rare Old Coins.

There are two rare old coins in the possession of a citizen of Macon, Ga. Evidently they were cast as political medals during the administration of "Old Hickory." The first bears date 1834, the date placed beneath a hog rampant, with his side placarded with the legend: "My Military, My Third Heat," and surrounded by the motto: "Perish Credit, Perish Commerce." On the reverse is: "Down with the Bank." "My Substitute for the United States Bank Experiment." Then a head of Jackson, and beneath, "My Currency, My Glory." The second coin bears date 1837, and has a strong box marked "U. S. Sub-Treasury," resting on the back of a turtle labeled "fiscal agent." Then comes "Executive Experiment," and on the reverse, "I Follow in the Footsteps of My Illustrious Predecessor," surrounding a jackass who is careering over the plain at the top of his speed.—Chicago Times.

How It Feels to be Wounded.

The next day, just before Longstreet's soldiers made their first charge on the Second corps, I heard the peculiar cry of a stricken man uttered as the bullet tears through his flesh. I turned my head, as I loaded my rifle, to see who was hit. I saw a bearded Irishman pull up his shirt. He had been wounded in the left side just below the floating ribs. His face was gray with fear. The wound looked as though it were mortal. He looked at it for an instant, then poked it gently with his index finger. He flushed redly and smiled with satisfaction. He tucked his shirt into his trousers and was fighting in the ranks again before I had capped my rifle. The ball had cut a groove in his skin only. The play of this Irishman's face was so expressive, his emotions changed so quickly, that I could not keep from laughing.—"Recollections of a Private."

Poets in New Orleans.

There are said to be more amateur poets in New Orleans, La., than in any other city in the world. The daily papers always contain one or more poetical pieces written by local talent.

The chrysanthemum of to-day is the "Artemesia" of our grandmothers time.

CINQUEVALLI, THE JUGGLER.

An Expert in Sleight-of-Hand Describes a Few of His Tricks.

"Unless I am developing a new trick I seldom practice now. I am a juggler. I invent my own business. That is one of my difficulties. New tricks are copied. When I find that I have an imitator I invent something else. For instance, a thought came to me this morning, a trick with a cigar and a cigar-holder. I throw the cigar up and catch it in every position in the tube of the holder. I shall practice it a month, perhaps for an hour or two a day. I never give a trick without being so sure of it that I would bet a large sum against failure. Simple juggling, such as one does with balls, one could do blindfolded, so certain has the hand become. The hand follows the eye, but the eye is the more important of the two. Suppose I have half a dozen knives in the air, I propel one so as to give it a half turn, another a turn, a third a turn and a half, a fourth two turns, calculating the revolutions of each one as it falls through the air. Suppose one of them is falling horizontally, instead of vertically, then one gets out of the way and lets it fall to the ground.

"In teaching a beginner one sets him to work with one ball and one hand—the left. It is like teaching a child to read. He begins with A B C, then forms a word. So it is with the juggler's playthings. The left hand must be as facile and as sure as the right. If you let your pupil begin with the right hand it doubles the difficulty for the left hand. I make it a rule always to use for my tricks the ordinary articles of everyday life. It is more interesting to the public than elaborate apparatus. They can go home and try it themselves. I take a candle and a candlestick, or two candles and two candlesticks, or put an umbrella and a stick through a number of aerial evolutions. I even use a washing-tub. It is often calling to the performer to know that the public do not understand the niceties and often the extreme difficulties of a trick. To give them a lesson one sometimes purposely breaks down once or twice just at the critical moment. Then the third time the applause is tremendous. As a matter of fact, one is certain to slip now and then. It is a very different thing performing in a room by daylight and before the fiery glare of footlights.

Perhaps my most difficult feat is the one I am doing every night just now with a knife and fork and raw potato. Simplicity again, you see. With the knife I cut the potato in two after keeping it up for some time, then catch the two halves, one on the knife, the other on the fork. That, now, was suggested to me one night at a supper where I was a guest. 'Give us something,' the host said, 'you can juggle with anything.' A knife and fork were on my plate, and a cooked potato. I was successful. It is the professional's most difficult task to find novelties. It is so with all of us in the show business. What is there left? I ask. Your insatiable public has had trained fleas and trained flies. There is nothing left. You ask me about training? Don't drink, and smoke as little as possible. It is difficult, but it is necessary. The eye and the hand are delicate organs."—Pall Mall Gazette Interview.

How Book Reviews Are Written.

It would be hard to say how many conscientious words are written about books every year in the daily newspapers of the United States. Certainly more book reviews are written without conscience than without intelligence. If you have ever chanced to see a half-dozen out of the 200 or 300 "notices" which every book of importance receives, have you not sometimes wondered (if you have yourself read the book and formed an opinion upon it) how any one exercising the responsible function of critic could permit himself to write—as you find three out of the six do—around, above and below a book, in every fashion save straightforwardly, as if he had read it, and had some notions about it.

I say that more reviews are written without conscience than without intelligence; and if you will take pains to follow a new book only a little way on its journey through the hands of the reviewers you will agree with me. The hurried, driven, over-busy newspaper writer often does not read the books he writes about; and what he says respecting them when he comes to cook up the "notice," which is necessary to keep the good-will of the publisher sending the book, is not infrequently the result either of an impression caught from a hasty glance through the volume, from the opinion of a friend who has read it, or, least honest of all, from the criticism of some more faithful reviewer in another paper.—Tid-Bits.

The Cheerfulness of Crippled Men.

"The cheerfulness of crippled men takes me off my feet. The other night I attended a little reception at which there were present a dozen or twenty old soldiers. Some of them had wooden legs, others had crooked legs or maimed legs, and there was in fact scarcely a whole-bodied man among them, and yet when the music took a martial turn all those old fellows insisted on dancing. It was the most remarkable performance I have ever seen, and for ten minutes a good many of us could not tell whether we were laughing or crying. But the boys seemed to enjoy it, and when their blood was up they were as reckless as a lot of romping lads and girls in attempting all the extraordinary capers incidental to a frolicsome dance."—Inter Ocean "Curbstone" Crayons.

The Dressing of Our Daughters.

It is a pity that the princess of Wales, who has for so many years borne, and deservedly so, the reputation of being the best dressed woman in London, should bestow so little attention and taste on the dressing of her daughters. Anything more sombre and out of keeping with place and season than their costumes the other afternoon at the Greek theatre I have seldom seen; and the same remark would as aptly apply to their appearance at the opening of the colonial exhibition. —Cor. London World.

To the Old Tar's Consternation.

Managing a sailing craft by a manual has its advantages and disadvantages. There is an old story of an inexperienced ship captain who undertook to "tack" according to ritual. Unfortunately a leaf blew over at a critical moment, and instead of forth instructions to "let go the anchor," of ordering the foreyard braced he shouted to the utter consternation of all the old tars.—The Argonaut.

The recent session of the dominion parliament lasted sixty-four days, and 114 bills were passed, of which fifty-one emanated from the government.

You can teach a child how to hate, but the heart teaches it how to love.

The organic law of decency in human intercourse is clean speech.—Signor Max.

New Advertisements.

FIRE, LIFE, AND MARINE INSURANCE!

Hartford Fire Insurance Co.
Assets, \$5,055,000.

Commercial Insurance Co.
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Capital, - - - \$10,000,000.

New York Life Insurance Co.
Assets, - - - \$75,000,000.

C. O. BERGER,
HONOLULU.
General Agent for the Hawaiian Islands.

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OVER FIGURES OF PRECEDING YEAR.

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THE NEW YORK LIFE

Issues a greater variety of Policies than any other Company, thereby adapting its contracts to the largest number of people. It has lately perfected a return-premium feature, under which many of its policies are issued with

Guaranteed Return of all Premiums Paid in addition to the Amount Originally Insured.

In case of death during a specified period.

The returns on the New York Life's Tontine Policies that have matured have been

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PROPRIETOR OF THE

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BAKERY AND ICE CREAM PARLOR,

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Lunches, Dinners, Suppers, Banquets & Balls,

And guarantees in all cases the fullest satisfaction, as given in former years, not only abroad but also in Honolulu. Having references dating back as far as the year

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In Honolulu, having catered on all state occasions, as also for select parties given by their late Majesties Kamehameha IV, Kamehameha V, and Lunaillo, and having the honor of supplying the present royal household with the delicacies produced in my establishment; having over forty years' practical experience in this line of business.

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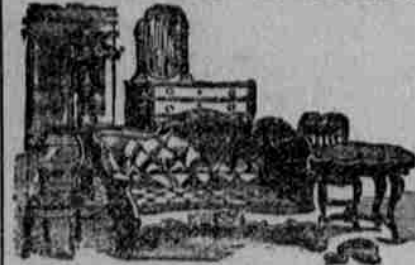
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Blk. Flour, Golden Gate,
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Sacks Wheat, Best,
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Sacks Beans, White,
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Sacks Beans, Horse,
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SACKS POTATOES, BEST in GUNNIES

Cases Noodles,
Cases Extra Soda Crackers,
Cases Medium Bread,
Cases Cracked Wheat, in 1/2 bags,
Cases Corn Meal, white, in 1/2 bags,
Cases Out Meal, in 1/2 bags,
Cases Corn Starch,

Casks Dupee Hams,

Casks L & A Hams, Cases R. B. Bacon.

Cases Fairbank's Lard, 5 lb. pail,
Cases Fairbank's Lard, 10 lb. pail,
Cases Fairbank's Lard, 20 lb. pail

Cases Whitney's Butter, in tins,
Half tubs Butter, Gilt Edge,
Qs. Jirkins Butter, Edge

Cases New Cheese.

Boxes and half Salt Codfish,
Blk. Tins Columbia River Salmon

Cases Laundry Starch,
Boxes Brown Laundry Soap

Pure Java Coffee, Roasted and Ground, 1 lb. tin,
Sacks Coffee, 5 lb. pail,
Cases Japan Tea, 1 lb. papers,
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Boxes Raisins, London Layers,
4 boxes Raisins, London Layers,
Boxes Raisins, Muscat

Dresses Citron,
Boxes Currants,
Cases Chocolate,
Cases Mixed Pickles,
Cases Spices, assorted, all size

Sacks English Walnuts,
Sacks Soft Shell Almonds,

Cases California Honey, 1 lb. tins,
Cases King, Moore & Co's, fresh canned
Fruits, Jellies and Vegetables.
Bales Wrapping Paper, extra quality

A LARGE ASSORTMENT

Best California Leather

Sale, Insole, Harness, Skirting and Uppers,
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